The Art Taste of the Brainiest Man

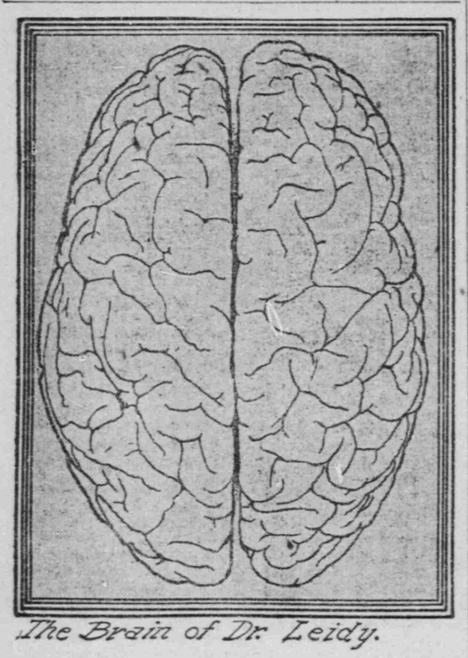
Venus Anadyomene, by Steinbruck. Formerly Owned by Dr. Joseph Leidy.

WHAT IMPRESSED MASTER INTELLECT OF THE AGE

HAS medical science demonstrated that man's esthetic tastes are in reality the inspiration and the lure to achievement, the common attribute of minds destined to attain the highest fame?

It would seem so, in the light of evidence which has made the fact a highly probable deduction in connection with Dr. Edward Anthony Spitzka's important study of the brains of eight eminent scientists, a work that, upon the day of its appearance, fixed the attention of the lay as well as of the scientific world.

Love of the beautiful, with some in the abstract and with others in the concrete, seems to have been in all these highly intellectual men so inherent that it was part of the very breath of their lives.



The Brain of Dr. Leidy.

Into the breadth and the texture of their brains, into the convolutions and the fibers that associated their nerve cells, the instinct for the beautiful must have been implanted, root intertwined with root, side by side with their passionate aspiration for the true.

Prof. Spitzka's exhaustive book, which has set the final seal of distinction upon his scientific reputation, was the result of years of study, in the course of which the microscope and the resources of the most exquisite skill in dissection were applied to the analysis of brains dedicated to science by their owners.

Those brains belonged to famous physicians and men of affairs of the caliber of Prof. Joseph Leidy, Dr. Philip Leidy, Dr. William Pepper, Dr. J. W. White, sr., Dr. Andrew J. Parker, Prof. E. D. Cope, and Dr. Harrison Allen.

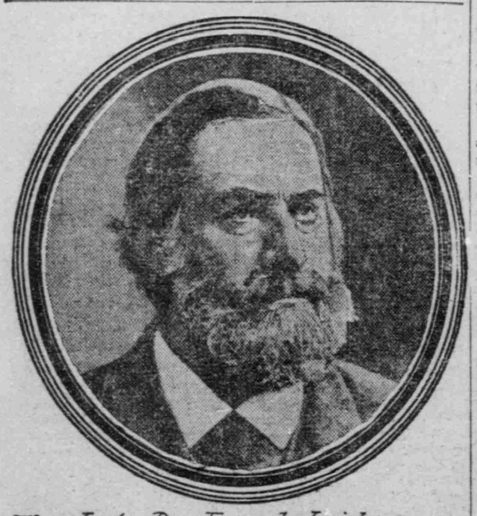
All were members of the American Anthropometric Society, organized in 1889; all had agreed that, after death, their brains should go to the society for purposes of scientific study.

It was universally conceded that these men, in life, had afforded ample evidence of possessing exceptional intellectual endowment. The achievement of Dr. Pepper, in raising the University of Pennsylvania to an institution famous the world over, had left a monument to his intelligence and energies that must remain for generations as an impressive evidence of the capacity of an unusual mind.

Natural history will long rank Prof. Cope as among the most distinguished of workers in its varied fields.

Such a man as Dr. Harrison Allen will be remembered for his eminence in his specialty and the exceptional range of his scientific and public activities.

Dr. Spitzka found that the brains differed widely in weight and superficial size; but all resembled one another in depth of convolutions, in the proportion of frontal lobes, where the intellectual faculties are located, and in their amounts of white matter and association fibers. To quote the authority on the general results of his comparisons:



The Late Dr. Joseph Leidy, Pronounced by Dr. Spitzka the Intellectual Giant of His Day.

"The more numerous and sinuous the cerebral fissures are, the greater is the degree of expansion of the cerebral cortex, or gray covering of the frontal brain. The number of nerve elements is proportionately increased, and the possibilities of co-ordination of the separate units of thought and action are augmented in a corresponding degree.

"Where the different parts of the cortex, with different functional relations, possesses still greater potential energy, the number of infoldings will be greater and the fissuration more accentuated and compact. The brain of a first-class genius like Frederick Gauss is as far removed from that of the savage as that of the savage is removed from the brain of the nearest ape."

Dr. Spitzka adds that the actual weight of the brain is also an expression of the differences; and the range is pronounced. Agassiz, the naturalist, left a brain of 53 ounces—above the average, but not noticeably large; but Cuvier's brain weighed 64½ ounces, and Turgenev's weighed 70.97 ounces, while the brain of a Zulu weighs only 37 ounces, and that of a gorilla, the largest recorded for an ape, is barely 15 ounces.

The brain of Prof. Joseph Leidy, chosen as one of the remarkable examples of the powerful and highly endowed organs under analysis, had a notable length and area of the corpus callosum, or connection of association between the two hemispheres, and an equally notable area of the parieto-occipital region.

It was the logical inference, from Dr. Spitzka's studies, that Prof. Leidy was an exceptional visualizer, or observer, very quick to discern analogies, to make comparisons, and to systematize his observations.

All the particularly famous brains studied by Dr. Spitzka had callosa larger than those of ordinary men, that of Dr. Leidy exceeding in area of cross-section any other ever recorded.

The callosum area of the person of ordinary intelligence is but .7285 inches; Prof. Leidy's was 1.643 inches, more than twice as great.

Prof. Leidy's brain, Dr. Spitzka found, was one of the most evenly and highly developed that is known, and the character of the famous physician-scientist was on a plane equally high.

LUCID AND SIMPLE.

He possessed, Dr. Spitzka observed, a masterly ability to so present anatomic facts that this ordinarily dry and difficult subject became comparatively easy to learn. His writings, comprising hundreds of treatises, are equally noteworthy for lucidity, simplicity of presentation, and accuracy.

And it is doubtful whether any great character of history was so simple, so absolutely uninfluenced by honors, so modest in self-esteem, so just and so kindly.

There was in the character of this distinguished scientist a love for the beautiful which was as integrally a part of his intellect and his spirit as were his conspicuously broad grasp of all subjects and his instinctive kindness.

Early in the sixties, moved by that love of beauty, he bought the Venus Andyomene, painted by the late Prof. Steinbruck, of Munich and Berlin, which guided him throughout his long, laborious career.

But his devotion to the esthetic was the attribute common to many others whose lives have distinguished them above their fellows, and whose brains after death have afforded the material proof in size, formation, and integral construction of their exceptional endowment.

Turgenev, whose enormous brain weight has already been referred to, showed most remarkable genius for the expression as well as the conception of beauty. He has been termed the heir of Pushkin, the prose-artist of Russia, and all his critics have conceded to him, in even a greater measure than that attained by Theophile Gautier, the consummation of Gautier's famous ambition: "If I could not be an artist in colors, I could be an artist in words."

Almost in direct proportion to the brain weight—58½ ounces, compared with nearly 71 ounces—is the esthetic endowment of a Thackeray in comparison with that of Turgenev. And yet Thackeray's brain was very large when contrasted with the average brain, precisely as his appreciation of the beautiful, next to his devotion to the true, was vastly superior to that of the average man.

While the size of the brain is a noteworthy factor in studies such as Prof. Spitzka has made, it is far from being the wholly determining factor of intellectual power. We must look for the callosum and the other connecting fibers, and for the significant cortex, with its cells numbering 9,000,000,000.

Then we find, after death, a means not far from infallible for the recognition of genius, even though all the world has denied it while the man was living.

The modern, expert anatomist of the brain, given an organ in which convolutions, or folds, appeared to be twice as numerous and the fissures twice as deep as in ordinary brains, would know at once that he was in the presence of the mortal remains of a lofty, almost an unequaled genius, although he could not positively declare the bent of the mind or surmise what was the fact, that the brain belonged to that supreme exponent of the beautiful in sound, Beethoven.

And if he were given the opportunity of studying the brain of Agassiz, weighing fifty-three ounces, somewhat above the average, or of Chauncey Wright, weighing fifty-three and one-half ounces, he would know that an appreciation of the beautiful must have been pronounced in the living men, as it was in the naturalist and in Mr. Wright, that gentleman of rare and varied attainments.

The rule, demonstrated now antomically by the dissection of the brains of famous and highly intellectual men, that the love of the beautiful appears to be an accompaniment of unusual endowment, holds good with those men, still living, from whose achievements one can properly surmise the possession of large organs of thought, deeply convoluted and most intimately and delicately connected as to fiber.

It holds good, as well, with those famous men of the past whose bodies perished before modern science had learned to probe the centers of their thought.

A Pierpont Morgan to-day is the passionate devotee of the beautiful, as an Augustus was the patron of the arts in the Rome where he had usurped imperial power.

A Kaiser Wilhelm, with his astonishing breadth and force as a ruler, and his far more astonishing variety of tastes as an artist, compares with the Napoleon who, the instant he found himself able to quit conquering Europe, gave free rein to his love of the magnificent.

There is a rather useful moral to be drawn for the life of the living out of these studies of the varied greatness of the dead.

If you have a son who wants to be an artist—in music, in words, in painting—don't think it is an infallible sign that he is a fool. It is much more likely to be the first indication that you have been blessed with a son who has more than the average share of brains, and of a better quality.

If you can't persuade him to be the popular "something useful," as Joseph Leidy did when he gave up his artistic aspirations for medicine—if he will take his own way—just try to live long enough to see what he comes to.

He may be a Beethoven.

DO WOMEN LOVE SCANDAL MORE THAN EVER?

"Society women, when they have an object in view, will bully, cajole, and exploit their status and experiment with other people's snobbishness with an effrontery that their humbler sisters cannot acquire nor imitate."

Thus commenting on the large attendance of women at the hearing of the Druce case and a murder trial in London, the Saturday Review, one of the most conservative papers of England, takes occasion to "rap" women for what it calls "their morbid interest" in sensational trials and scandals.

Modern murder trials, declares the paper, look like afternoon "at-homes," and furnish to the women "a new means of excitement and new means of display."

The tremendous jam of women which attended the first trial of Harry K. Thaw, the crowds that pressed around the entrance to the Criminal Courts Building in New York City during the second trial, when women were not admitted to the courtroom, and their attendance upon other sensational trials, have raised the question, Are women becoming morbid?

Recently Judge Harvey Keeler, of Cleveland, Ohio, declared that women flock to divorce trials and murder trials to hear salacious testimony.

After clearing his courtroom of 200 women, who had gathered to hear the evidence in a divorce suit brought by a leading citizen against his wife, who was charged with attending grillroom dinners and performing toe-and-heel capers on the table, the judge declared:

"A divorce case is always attractive to women. They come to hear of grillroom escapades—probably because they have never been in one, and they want to satiate their curiosity about things of which they know nothing."

Is this true?

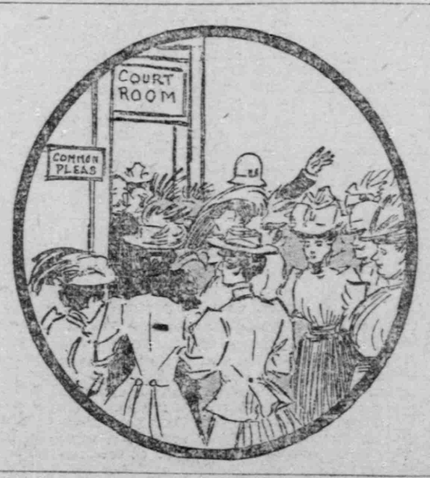
"All women are cats," further said the Cleveland judge, strong in the courage of his convictions. "They will turn suddenly on their best friends and spit and claw and scratch them.

"A woman is peculiar. There are few real friendships among women because they are always waiting for a chance to criticise their acquaintances."

The strictures of the Cleveland judge were based, he declared, on the troublesome crowds of eager, thoughtless women who packed the courthouse to hear testimony in certain cases.

"The attendance of women at the Thaw trial," declared a famous pathologist, "certainly reflects little credit on the sisterhood. To my mind there is no doubt the women of the United States are becoming more morbid. What is taking place in the mental appetites of the women of England I do not know—I know there is a keen zest among the women of this country for the morbid and the unhealthy.

"Why is this? Perhaps the strenuous life drives them to seek strong stimulants. Perhaps one would be criticised were he to assert that the women are losing their ancient softness and charm; that they are becoming more



masculine in their tastes, more calloused to the harsher things of life; that things which formerly shocked them now fail to give even a thrill, and books that were tabooed years ago are now read without a blush.

"Contact with men in the business world, to my mind, is largely responsible for the coarsening of the feminine character. Women now flock to baseball games; they are as enthusiastic over football as the men. Women of ancient Rome went to see the gladiators, it is true, but if we can judge by history, they lost nothing of their shrinking softness.

"I would not say that all women, much less the larger percentage, have suffered. But even many of the delicate and sensitive women are thrilled pleasurably by morbid details.

"Many women delight in reading accounts of horrible crimes; they delight in books that border on the pathological; and they take a lively interest in the testimony of a wronged woman in a murder trial.

"They watch with pleasure the pain on the fair witness' face and mark the tears. With an analysis of her emotions they criticise her dress.

"Any one who attended the hearings of Harry Thaw during the first trial must have been shocked and grieved by the bad taste of women who thronged the courtroom. Who were they? Well dressed, middle-aged, many of them, evidently of social status.

"Most of them were no longer young—old enough to know better, yet evidently women of leisure, with a servant or a number of servants at home, who thought the most delightful way to spend an afternoon was to attend the trial. They preferred to hear Evelyn tell her terrible story to attending a matinee at the theater.

"The violence of many women to get into the courtrooms is astonishing. They fairly fight and scratch to get ahead in the jam."

During the trial of Nan Patterson several years ago the large attendance of women at the court building was striking. For hours they would stand in line, waiting to enter the room.

Not long ago a riot call marked the final plea, made in behalf of Mrs. Dora McDonald, who was charged with, and acquitted of, the murder of Webster Guerin, in Chicago. A woman was denied admission to the court, whereupon, in her excitement, she slapped a policeman in the face.

Waiting scores of women immediately took up arms for the fair assailant of the policeman and all made a dash for the door. A general riot ensued, and a riot call was sent in. Reserve policemen arrived and only with great difficulty did they quite the disturbers.

"Possibly the high tension at which Americans live tends to incite a craving for morbid pleasures," recently asserted a physician. "Yet this seems to have been always the case.

"It is doubtful if there is an increasing morbid sentiment among the fair sex. Women have always taken a lively interest in uncanny and gruesome things. I can see no harm in it.

"Some women are modest and shrinking, and like the minor melodies of life; there is the Puritan type of woman who loves music and art, without the grosser aspects; there is to-day the type of the woman who attended the arenas in Rome and turned down the thumb that the gladiator might die.

"Perhaps there is an increase of morbidity among American women. This is regrettable. But I think that a line can hardly be drawn between them and the men."

England's Judicial Wigs.

American visitors to English courtrooms have been struck by the strange appearance—strange to their eyes at least—of judges and lawyers in wigs.

Times and customs change, but the judicial wig of England remains unchanged; bench and bar hold faithfully to the traditional headgear.

Until 1827 human hair was used in making the wigs, which were heavily powdered when worn, but since then white horsehair has been used. While England horsehair is considered the best, the wigmakers buy supplies in France, Russia, and even China and South America.

Every operation in the manufacture of wigs is by hand except the curling, and this is done on a small hand-curling machine. Most of the wigs run from 21 to 24½ inches in circumference.

The wig of the average member of the bar costs $30. Full-bottomed wigs, such as are worn occasionally by judges and the King's counsel, and always by the speaker of the House of Commons, cost about $60.

Few lawyers buy more than one wig in the course of their career at the bar. Some of the most famous advocates of England may be seen in court with dilapidated wig and rusty gown.

Ring Off, Please!

From Youth's Companion.

The following handbill has recently been distributed among the European firms in Swatow:

"Dear Sirs: We are directed by the administration of imperial Chinese Telegraphs Shanghai. To the effect that the mercantile business of Swatow is greatly progressed.

"As the telephone system is much interest to the merchant as well as various residences in order that you could get an immediate communication of speech at a distance through the convenience.

"The Swatow is a commercial port should also be adopted as Shanghai and Canton for an establishment of telephone system has been dealt with.

"The rate for every candidate of one telephone instrument about $70 (seventy dollars) in yearly expiration.

"We shall be pleased to supply you. If you will kindly favor us a previous registration before this step proceeds on in the rate.

"We remain Sirs, yours faithfully,

"IMPERIAL CHINESE TELEGRAPHS."

An Untoward Mishap.

From Modern Society.

At one of the side shows in a certain fair the principal performer was a knife-thrower who made a specialty of throwing knives all around a lady into a board at the back of the stage.

The partner of this artist was middleaged, stout, and—well, very plain, and when she came on the audience gasped.

They had not thought it possible for any one to be—well, so plain, and live through it.

The man arranged her to the board, and at the critical moment threw the knife.

It flew through the air and stuck quivering in the board.

Voice from the back:

"Great Scott! You've missed her!"